

## AMERICAN MARINES PERFORM GREAT WORK AS UNITED STATES POLICE

At Outbreak of the Spanish War There Were 2,500 of Them, Today They Number 10,000 With 345 Officers Under Command of Major General Barrett, the Only General Officer of Marines Have Numerous Nicknames.

By JOSEPH MEDILL PATTERSON, Special Correspondent of the Chicago Tribune at Vera Cruz.

Vera Cruz.—The marines are the tip of Uncle Sam's sword. They enter places first.

There are 10,000 of them and 345 officers, under Major General Barrett. He is the only general officer in the service.

At the outbreak of the Spanish war there were 2,500 marines. The force has been quadrupled since then. It is likely to grow more than to contract.

For the marines are our international police, and we are doing more international policing every year—particularly in Latin-America north of Panama.

Since '98 the marines have been with bayonets fixed and rifles loaded for business in Cuba (twice), Porto Rico, the Philippines, China, Santo Domingo, Colombia, Hayti, Panama, Nicaragua, Mexico.

Into some of these places the soldiers did not follow, but wherever the soldiers did go they found the marines had been ahead of them.

Contrary to general opinion, only about half the marines live on navy ships. There are three shore regiments of about fifteen hundred men each, stationed one on the Pacific coast, one on the Atlantic and one on the Gulf of Mexico.

Mobility is the essence of the marine service. They only take with them what they can carry on their backs. When they serve with the army, the army feeds them food and ammunition. When they serve with the navy the navy "finds" them both.

With the army they have army discipline; for instance, a man can't be summarily imprisoned by his officer without trial. When with the navy,

July liquorously and then proceed to fight every infantryman he sees, until the Panaman police interfere. Then he will join with the infantryman and attack the Panaman police force with belt and bare hands, and chase it into the jail, and besiege it there, until other marines on duty come off the ships and rescue the police and arrest their friends on shore leave.

It is muttered low and grumbling in the army that if looting were ever



U. S. Marines Landing at Vera Cruz.

done after a fight it would be done by the marines, because the beggars always get there first. It is whispered in Vera Cruz that certain marine privates had new Oliver typewriters for sale at \$6 apiece after the taking of the naval academy and automatic pistols for \$2, and bottles of perfume for 10c. The Mexican naval cadets apparently used perfume instead of water from the quantity of scent found. The market on perfume was weak, however, dropping to 30c.

Marines are called "leather necks," sailors "flat feet," infantry "dough boys," artillery "wagon soldiers," coast artillery "window soldiers." Nickname for cavalry omitted.

In Vera Cruz, after the town was taken, the marines were given the sandhills, the wireless, and the pumping station to hold. The sandhills form a cordon around behind the city from sea to sea.

I can't imagine a more unpleasant place of residence than the sandhills. They are from 50 to 300 yards high. There is some prickly cactus at the base and a few tropical withered weeds, but on the summits where the marines are there is only sand, sun, and sand lice.

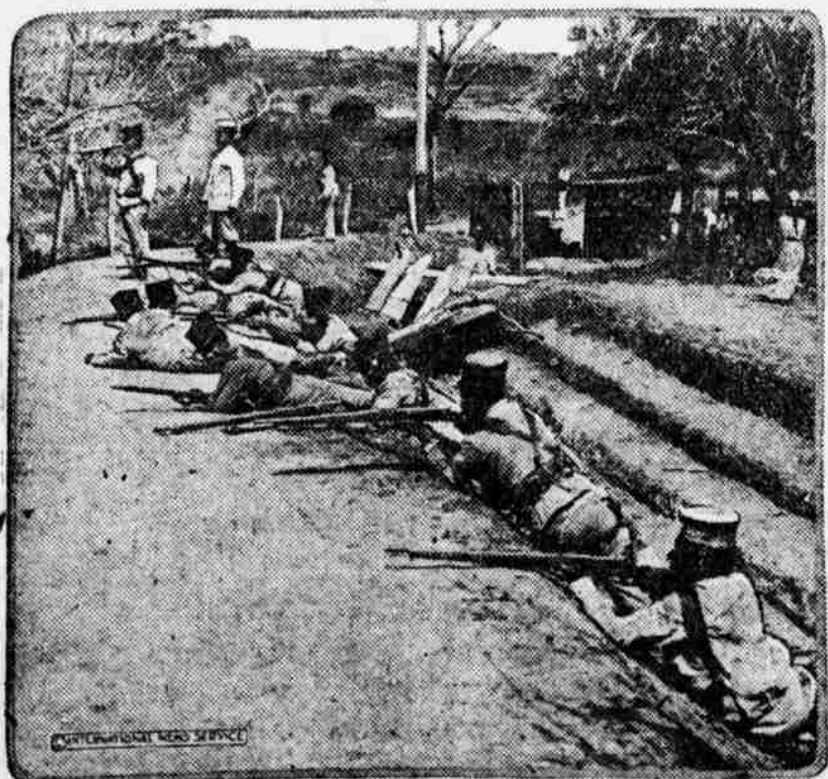
The sand is yielding as mud; one goes in above one's ankles at every step, but it is as dry as powdered alum and as hot as war.

The sand blows and flows about almost like little waves of water, and the unending labor of the marines on the sandhills is to dig the sand out of their trenches again and again and again.

The trenches are standing trenches, about 4 feet 6 or 5 feet deep, shored up within by corrugated tin siding and braced with boards.

Looking inland toward Mexico, as far as the eye can see are the same rolling hillocks of shifting sands. In possession of the dominant position, as the marines are, it doesn't seem conceivable that the whole Mexican nation in arms could take Vera Cruz away from the force we have there already. The sand hills back of Vera Cruz are devilish to live on but highly defensible.

## IN THE FEDERATE TRENCHES AT TAMPICO



Scene in the trenches of the federal troops who put up a desperate but unavailing fight in defense of the city of Tampico.

One evening it was reported to one of the medical men that a marine at the wireless station had an abscessed foot. The doctor took an escort of two bayonets and started over there, a distance of two miles, part of it through country that was held a little in suspicion.

The doctor had a pocket electric light which he flashed from time to time to help him pick his steps. When he did this the two men of the detail began to mutter, and tried to walk one a few steps before and the other a few steps behind the doctor, to get out of the ring of light. But the doctor wanted company and clung to them. If there had been a sniper in the neighborhood nothing could help him aim more than a doctor with a searchlight.

However, neither of the marines ventured to suggest to the doctor to douse his perfect night target, because they were privates and he held the rank of a lieutenant.

As they reached the pumping station, a voice rang out sharply, "Halt!" Every one halted. "Friend," was the answer; then, "Pass."

"Blank, blank that blank recruit," said one of the men. "They hadn't ought to put recruits on patrol. He challenged 'halt.' He oughta said: 'Halt—who's there?' If a sentry don't challenge you right you're liable not to pay any attention to him—and then he's liable to shoot you if he's a blank recruit. Blank, blank 'em all to blank, anyways."

But I think the "leather neck" was just taking out on the recruit the grievance he felt against the doctor with the rank of lieutenant for moving through suspicious country with his pocket searchlight working on and off at every second step.

There is no academy for marine officers similar to West Point and Annapolis.

They are appointed from civil life between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-seven, largely by political pull. They are then sent to the marine officers' school at Norfolk, Va., where they receive instruction in the technique of their profession, not including general educational work, as at West Point or Annapolis. Marine officers are assumed to have at least a high school education before appointment.

Whether there should be a four-year education for marine officers, and they should be caught younger, as in the other branches of the service, or whether a school within a school for marine officers should be established at one of the great academies of war, or whether things should be left as they are, are matters which divide de-



U. S. Marines Boarding Transport for Vera Cruz.

cided the opinions of the marine officers themselves.

The term for enlisted men is four years. For their preliminary training they are sent for sixteen weeks to recruit depots in Norfolk, Va., on the East coast, or Mare Island, Cal., on the West, where they are taught infantry drill, cavalry drill, swimming, boat sailing, mine planting, sewing, laundering, boxing, wrestling, horse grooming, signaling, camping, and cooking under field conditions, and how to point, load, fire, and control three and five-inch guns.

Marine officers say proudly that they reject a larger percentage of applicants than any other branch of the service, and have a larger percentage of re-enlistments, including many ex-army and navy men. Their ranks, like those of the colored regiments, they say, are always full up.

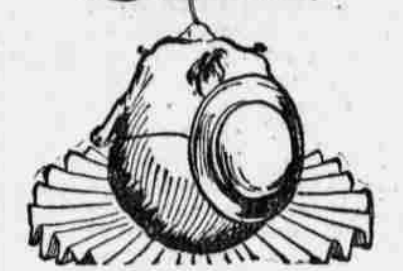
They say the middle westerners are their best men, especially the one-lus boys from the Missouri hills.

**Reunited After Many Years.**  
Chicago.—After living for ten years within three blocks of each other here, Mrs. Alice Lawder and Mrs. Mary C. Dawes, sisters, were reunited by a newspaper story telling of the former's son being missing in Mexico. The women had not seen each other for 14 years.

**Man's Ashes Over Racetrack.**  
Lexington, Ky.—Relatives of George W. B. Clair, who has driven many of the world's famous horses, have agreed to comply with his dying request that his body be cremated and the ashes scattered over the Lexington driving track.

**Want Street's Name Changed.**  
Clifton, N. J.—Business men in Crooks avenue want the street's name changed, declaring it hurts their trade and reputation.

## ON THE FUNNY SIDE



### THANKS TO HIS PRESERVER

Luckily for Me I Wasn't Bald-Headed," Exclaimed Man Rescued From Swimming Tank.

A well-known athlete says that on entering a Turkish bath one night he found a stranger struggling in the swimming pool. There was nobody near, and the man was evidently unable to swim, having jumped in probably without ascertaining whether the water would be above his head.

The athlete swam to the assistance of the struggling man. Grasping him by the hair, he towed him to the side of the tank and assisted him to hang on until he recovered his breath.

What were the first words uttered by the rescued one? Did he stammer out thanks to his human preserver? No. The human mind is a curious affair. As the half-drowned man struggled back to consciousness, memories of an old jest seemed to flit through his brain, for he said: "Luckily for me I wasn't bald-headed!"—New York Mail.

### No Comparison.

An Englishman and an American were standing before the wonders of the Victoria Falls, in darkest Africa, when the Englishman said:

"Surely you must concede that these falls are far grander than your Niagara Falls."

"What?" replied the American. "Compare these to our Niagara Falls? Why, man alive, they are a mere perspiration!"—Ladies' Home Journal.

### A Policeman's Business.

Nervous Lady (in whose street there have been several burglaries)—How often do you policemen come down this road? I am constantly about but I never see you.

Policeman—Ah, very likely I see you when you don't see me, mum. It's a policeman's business to secrete himself!—London Punch.

### Bird Lore.

"I'm going to quit talking about the dove of peace," said the patriotic orator.

"Going to recite about the eagle for awhile?"

"No, I want to emphasize the comfort and prosperity that accompany peace. I'm going to raise the emblem of the goose that lays the golden egg."

### Policy.

"You're not going to publish that awful rubbish, are you?"

"Do you mean this poem on spring?"

"I mean that atrocious libel on the English language."

"I guess I've got to publish it."

"Eh! Why?"

"Well, you see, it's written by my tailor's daughter."

### WOULDN'T ADMIT IT.



Jessie—At the meeting of the Spinners' club the members told why they had never married.

Virginia—What reason did they give?

Jessie—All kinds, except that they had never got the chance.

### What the Boss Said.

"I think, sir, I am entitled to a raise in pay."

"What makes you think so?"

"It's been seven years since you gave me an increase."

"I know it. And it's been seven years since you did anything to make me think you were earning more than you are getting."—Detroit Free Press.

### The Return.

"What do you mean to tell your constituents when you get home?"

"I'm not going to tell 'em anything," replied the youthful member of congress. "I'm going to hire a brass band and trust to the soothing charms of music."

### INSTANCE OF SCOTCH THRIFT

Railroad Clerk, Instead of Being Rewarded for Returning Lost Purse, Is Asked for Interest.

There was no doubt about the fact that Jack MacFaddy was a Scotsman. Last year, when journeying to the country on an important errand, he left his purse, containing nearly \$500 in gold and silver, at the railway station from which he started.

He telegraphed the fact on his arrival and the purse was kept till his return a month later.

It was a young clerk who, handed Jackie Mac F. his wee purse with the "spendies" as he set foot out of the train, and certain wild hopes were making that young man's heart beat a trifle unevenly.

But our canny Scot counted his money unheeding, and when he'd finished he looked up long and suspiciously at the young man.

"Isn't it right, sir?" stammered the latter, in bewilderment. "Right—right! It's right enough, but where's the interest, mon?" was MacFaddy's stern retort.

### A Canal Comment.

"Charley dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "they are having a great deal of agitation about the big canal, aren't they?"

"Yes." "Don't you know, I sometimes think it might have been better if we had been content with the old-fashioned canals where all the talking was done by the man who was driving the mule?"

### HE WAS WISE.



Mrs. Benton Holmes—You are always dwelling on the superiority of men over women. Why don't you show that superiority by demonstrating how to clean house?

Mr. Benton Holmes—We show our superiority by refusing to have anything to do with house-cleaning.

### Gentle Nature's Sadness.

"What side are you on in this debate?" asked the constituent.

"I don't like to say," replied the young statesman. "My own opinions don't matter so much, but it worries me to realize that whatever way I vote I'm almost sure to hurt some body's feelings."

### Gloomy Calculator.

"Women's clothes don't cost as much as they used to," said the consoling theorist.

"I don't see any difference," replied Mr. Growcher. "After you've paid the rent and the grocery bill they continue to cost all that's left."

### Lofty Approval.

"Don't you admire George Washington?"

"Oh, yes," replied the serene citizen. "So far as I am able to judge, he managed matters pretty much as I should have done under the same circumstances."

### Might Help Some.

Bill—A New Jersey inventor has patented a semaphore railroad signal in which the arm is outlined with a vacuum tube electric light so it may be readily seen at night.

Jill—Wonder if they could be utilized on women's elongated hats?"

### Some Reformer.

Mrs. Bacon—A policeman in Ottawa, Ill., has the distinction of reforming that town in one month.

Mr. Bacon—Good! Even if her husband did think he was the whole town.

### The Last Word.

"I always let my wife have the last word," said Mr. Meekton.

"But do you applaud what she says?"

"What's the use? She goes on talking encores anyhow."

### Good Old Times.

"Father," said the small but pert boy, "didn't Esau sell his birthright for a mess of pottage?"

"Yes, my son."

"H'm! That was some high cost of living, wasn't it?"

### Otherwise Engaged.

"Bliggins" boy doesn't say as many bright things as he used to."

"No. Bliggins has taken to tango dancing, and hasn't time to think 'em up."

### To the Bitter End.

Redd—What do you think of the new baseball league?

Greene—It means war in the baseball world.

"Sure; it will be diamond cut diamond."

## TALES OF GOTHAM AND OTHER CITIES

### Central Park Visitor Said He Saw a Goat Smoke

NEW YORK.—Bob Hurton, assistant keeper of the zoo in Central park, was entering the lion house the other afternoon when a young man staggered across the walk and leaned against him for support.

"What's the trouble?" Hurton asked.

"I think I have seen something. I should have a doctor," the agitated visitor said.

The young man explained then that, unless he had been the victim of an illusion, Hurton was needed behind the animal house.

"Have the elephants broken loose?" Hurton asked.

"No," the visitor said. "But I think I saw a goat smoking a cigar."

On the way to the lot back of the elephant house Hurton met Bill Snyder, the head keeper.

"What's this I hear about a smoking goat?" Hurton asked his chief.

Snyder was perplexed by the question, but, with Hurton, he followed the visitor who had discovered the zoological phenomenon.

In the lot was Perfecto, a large ram, presented to the menageries by the manager of a circus. Perfecto was standing in the center of the inclosure. There was a far-away look upon his face, and he was holding in his mouth half of a cigar. In telling the story later, Snyder said that the cigar was burning and that Perfecto was puffing away at it in evident enjoyment. Snyder took one look at the goat and then he felt in the pocket of his vest, where he usually carries his cigars. The pocket was empty.

"You thief!" he cried, shaking a fist at the goat.

He remembered petting Perfecto just a few minutes before, and he was of the opinion that the goat had stolen his cigar. The animal, he explained, had been named Perfecto because of his fondness for tobacco. He had been taught to smoke by the employees of the circus.

"But, Bill, how did he get a light?" Hurton asked.

"That's nothing," said Snyder. "You remember in 1910 the case of the weeping grampus?"

But Bob had fled.

### Substitute for Young Bride Fined for Forgery

NEWPORT, R. I.—If Hattie Belmar of this city ever gets another chance to act as a substitute for a blushing bride who is too young to get a marriage license it is more than likely that before accepting the position she will demand to be introduced to the real bride. It is not by any means certain that she will take the job at all, but if the bride is so constructed that Miss Belmar's clothes do not fit her she will have to look elsewhere for a substitute, for Miss Belmar won't even discuss the proposal. As a matter of fact, she was sent to jail.

When Albert E. Evans, a cook at the naval station, decided to marry Alfreda Guimond and told her so he was looking into her eyes. When he considered her from afar and noted her size and youthful appearance he felt that there was no chance of getting a license to marry. She is only seventeen and doesn't show her age. So he spoke to Hattie Belmar about it, and she said she would gladly get a license to be used by the youthful bride.

They got it. Albert thanked Hattie and married Alfreda.

Alfreda's parents were amazed and went to Rev. Arthur Crane, who had performed the ceremony, to demand an explanation. All that he knew was that there had been a license and everything looked all right.

Then the parents moved on the city hall. The city clerk, with argument, said that he had never given a license to any seventeen-year-old girl and would like to see her. Alfreda, the bride, got the clothes of Hattie, the substitute, to deceive the city clerk.

The bride is short, the substitute is tall, and the clothes looked as if they had been thrown on the bride from an upper window.

City clerk wise; parents angry; police alert; bridegroom garrulous; substitute arrested.

When Miss Belmar was arraigned in court, charged with forging the license, she was fined \$15, with costs of \$2.50. She remarked that she considered that sum as a very tidy one and had no idea where she could get it handy. So the bridegroom went calling on friends to make up enough to smooth over the entire wedding.

### Birmingham Will Aid "Spooners" in the Parks

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—All embargoes heretofore maintained against "spooning" in the public parks of this city have been lifted, and so long as the habit is confined to legitimate love-making, whether it be done in the dark or under the shadow of the electric lights, there is to be no police interference.

For several years young men and women have been complaining that their courting privileges were unreasonably restricted, and many protests were lodged with the city commission against the police.

Judge A. O. Lane, commissioner of public justice, determined to change the regulations. He declares that the city will offer every protection and encouragement to "legitimate spooning," he means love-making. Every engaged and courting couple will be allowed the use of the parks.

The police are instructed to watch the parks and see that real lovers are not interfered with. Orders are given to stop all really questionable conduct.

Commissioner of Streets and Parks Weatherly says plenty of benches will be provided in the parks. He declares the city has no right to regulate love affairs, and his department of streets and parks will pursue the policy of "hands off" from these delicate and sacred matters.

Mrs. Wilson Searight, head of the welfare department that protects and assists young girls, believes the new policy of protecting lovers is all right in principle, and she will do her part to help them.

### "Honesty the Best Policy" Brought Into Play

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—The old slogan, "Honesty is the best policy," was brought into play the other night at the union station when a pocketbook containing \$520 was found by a young man, who said he was formerly a bell-boy in a St. Louis hotel. The owner of the pocketbook proved to be a wealthy cattle owner of Oklahoma City, who refused to give his name.

According to the bellboy, he had arrived from Chicago on an evening train, and not knowing the city, had stopped in the station to inquire the location of a hotel when he espied the pocketbook under a bench. After examining it and finding the large amount of money and one of the ranchman's cards, he began to call out the name which the card bore. At the first call the cattle owner responded and grew very excited when he discovered his loss, explaining that he was on his way to Buffalo to be married.

The bellboy then presented the pocketbook to its owner, and after the ranchman had satisfied himself that the contents were all there he proceeded to give the finder a five-cent lead pencil and a lecture that "Honesty is the best policy."

